

The Stars and Stripes

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The men who fought at Lexington and Concord were fighting exactly the same thing that we are fighting today—tyranny. They stood for exactly the same principle—human liberty. A hastily recruited force, armed but insufficiently, they more than proved their worth when, in the first skirmishes of our war for independence, they fired the shot heard round the world.

Today—143 years after the event—the descendants of those embattled farmers stand side by side with the descendants of the men who opposed them, united once and for all and dedicated to the greatest task that has yet fallen to the lot of free men—the deliverance of the world from the military and political domination of the Hun. The Minute Men would have had it so. The Liberals of the England of 1775 would have had it so. For the men of the old Bay colony, even at the very time they were

"Chasing the red-coats down the road, And only pausing to fire and load," blazed the trail for liberty in England, and by their vigorous resistance opened the eyes of England to the indignities into which her Teutonic King and his Tory servant had led her. Today the new, the freed England, honors their memory.

They were brave men and bold, those men of 75. They were good stand-up-and-go-to-it scrappers. They made it possible for us to be here today, under this flag, embarked on this glorious enterprise, backed by the great people that sent us forth.

Let us see to it that we prove ourselves, in the tests to come, worthy descendants of such as they!

WE'RE ALL DOUGHBOYS

A letter in the editor's mail signed "Subscriber"—we are too young to get letters from "Old Subscriber"—asks fairly if we are aware that there are other kinds of soldiers in this army besides doughboys. Answer: We are not. As we read the definition in the dictionary known as "General Usage," a doughboy is an American soldier—any American soldier.

More and more in the training camps and in the trenches, over there and over here, the name "doughboy" is attaching itself to every living man who wears the olive drab. Time was when it was applied only to enlisted infantrymen. Time was when there was a suggestion of good-natured derision in it. But of late, with the original doughboys in the very vanguard of the A. E. F., the name appears insensitively to have taken on a new accent of respect. Infantrymen and artillerymen, medical department boys and signal corps sharks, officers and men alike, all of them are called doughboys and some of them are rather proud of it. Our cartoonist's sentimentality though he is—is a doughboy. So is General Pershing. So are we all of us.

If "Subscriber" does not like the name, he need not cancel his subscription, because, after all, it was no doing of ours. If a better name—"Yanks," perhaps—gets into circulation, we shall use it. If, on the other hand, "doughboy" should, in time, become the universal name for the American soldier, we cannot claim to have invented it. We have only one claim to fame. It is this. Never, so help us, have we nauseated and unnerved a doughboy by calling him a Sammie.

GETTING TOGETHER

They're doing things sensibly over in the States. They're getting together for the purpose of getting more firmly behind us. As was shown in a recent dispatch from our American correspondent, labor and capital are arriving at an agreement destined to secure industrial peace in America for the duration of the war.

That is as it should be. Strikes, in their way, are as bad as wars for the interruption to industry and business that they occasion. "One war at a time" is a good motto. The employers and the employees of the United States seem to have adopted it.

THE HOME FIRES

It is all very well for us to sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" on the march and in camps, but we should not let our efforts stop at that. To be sure, the song is meant largely for use at home, but there is a lesson in it for us as well. By our letters, first of all, we can do a great deal to keep the home fires burning, and burning brightly.

We all know how welcome are letters from home when they arrive in this part of the world. Few of us realize how doubly and trebly precious are our own letters when they arrive in the States. To the burdens of war which the good people at home are bearing—and they are no light burdens—is added that most poignant one, of which we, young and healthy and busy, are hardly aware. That is the burden of anxiety; the

anxiety of people kept in the dark about our lives and fortunes, the anxiety of people preyed upon by doubts and fears and rumors, the anxiety of people who love us with unfathomable devotion.

Keeping the people nearest to us well informed about our health, our interests, our pastimes, our progress is no less a duty for all of us than is the more immediate duty of keeping ourselves fit to strike at the enemy. We all have cheerful experiences, amusing experiences, heartening experiences; why not write and tell the people at home about them? Why not share our joy in life with them, and dispel their anxiety? We can all do it if we try, and at very little effort. By so doing we will do more than sounding oratory or tinkling press-correspondence can do to "keep the home fires burning."

THE WAR AND "THE GAME"

We quote the following from a Paris contemporary:—

"Publication of a newspaper is an industry necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, according to a decision handed down by the District Draft Board in Syracuse, N. Y. This decision was made in the case of a Syracuse newspaper man and he was placed in Class 3, 'as a necessary associate or assistant in a necessary industrial enterprise.'"

With the declaration of a newspaper's necessity in war time we are in thorough accord.

The second sentence of the dispatch, however, leaves considerable doubt in our minds. Having ruled as it did, there is a certain logic in the board's exemption—or deferring the call-up—of a practicing newspaper man. But, in all deference to the board's decision, we don't think much of a newspaper man who would claim exemption solely because of his profession.

The newspaper men of the United States, as a class, have been among the first to enlist and enroll, among the first to get over here. We doubt if any other profession can show a higher average of voluntary enlistments for national service, particularly for active service with the fighting forces. For that reason, we hate to see any member of the goodly company give even the appearance of hanging back from a man's job.

To our minds—and we of THE STARS AND STRIPES are just as proud of being American newspaper men as we are of being American soldiers—to our minds a man who, when the call comes, hides behind the pages of his paper, is even a more pitiable object than the creature who hides behind petitions.

THE BIG IDEA

The war orphan adoption plan is not new. It might almost be said to have started with the war. Back home, most of us probably gave our mite for some helpless waif, just as we contributed a quarter apiece to the "Tobacco for Tommy" fund. Who of us did not, in the thrilling days between August, 1914, and April, 1917, play some small part in furthering the work of the Red Cross or of the Commission for Relief in Belgium?

No, none of these things is new, and the war orphan adoption plan possesses perhaps less novelty than any of them. But it remains for a humble rear rank doughboy private—an engineer doughboy—to give it the brand new twist of adapting it to the incomes of several hundred thousand other \$33-a-month humble rear rank privates.

That plan, as it is now being successfully fostered by this newspaper of yours, did not have its inception around a council board composed of a dozen ramified, over and overlapping, super-organized committees. It is only an idea that was born in the brain of a very ordinary enlisted man. But it is a big idea.

TO HELL WITH THEM!

"Force," said President Wilson at the close of his tremendous and clarion speech at Baltimore, "force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, righteous and triumphant force, which shall make the light of the law of the world and cast every selfish domination down in dust."

There is no other argument the Germans understand. The notion that started this war by tearing up a treaty thereby rose against the world as an enemy with whom the world would never be able to treat. You can no more debate with a Boche than you can debate with a bull or a burglar. The Germans can never give their word now because they broke it long ago. They cannot pledge their national honor because—as they have shown once more in dealing with Russia—they have no national honor.

"My word is as good as my bond," said a shady character in an old musical comedy. "I think, school about," the comedian replied. The Germans are like that. They have become a people who cannot even make a promise, because a solemn promise from the Imperial German Government is negotiable for even less than a German mark in the markets of the world.

It was apparent in 1914, and it is doubly apparent now, that the Germans are a people with whom it is impossible to confer and settle this matter out of court. There is really only one satisfactory thing to do with a German, and that is to kill him. We must kill a great many. Our job is long and hard, but it is as plain as a pikestaff.

We have got to take the German army and knock it into Kingdom Come. And we need no better battlemate than the war-whop of the great Kentuckian.

"To Hell," said Colonel Watterson, "to Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs."

They are on their way.

FASTER AND FASTER

The cables tell us that American troops are sailing for France in numbers far exceeding the Government's fondest expectations. Hardened, trained and equipped, they are setting forth at three the recent rate for a battlefront three thousand miles from home. After much fitting and straining and tinkering, the great American war machine is moving. Faster and faster its wheels revolve. May it prove a Juggernaut. May the German rulers rue in the dust the day they started it in motion.

The Listening Post

ICE CREAM SODA

(Note.—Ice Cream Soda is a concoction popular in the United States of America.)
You may talk of sin and bière
When you're quartered over there
In New York or Abidene or Sibir
But when belts are growing tauter,
It is ice-cream soda water
That you'd give a dollar-ninety just to swallow.
In the well-known U. S. A.
Where we used to work and play,
Attending to our pleasure and our biz,
Of all the liquid crew
The finest drink I knew
Was our brimming glass of ice-cream soda fizz!
It was fizz! fizz! fizz!
You foam in glass o' chocolate soda fizz!
Gimme strawberry, vanilla,
Coffee, peach or sarsaparilla—
Gimme any kind o' ice-cream soda fizz!

We have tasted of Bordeaux,
Sampled Dubonnet and Peau,
We have had a glass of port in a pagoda;
But we'd give a large amount
Of our kale to see a fount
Shooting foam into a glass of ice-cream soda.
There is nothing like the savor
Of the soda clerk's "What flavor?"
And your telling him, politely, what it is.
There is nothing there at home
That is nobler than the foam
As it tops a brimming glass of soda fizz.
Then it's fizz! fizz! fizz!
Oh, you irascious, carbonaceous soda fizz!
When I reach a certain nation
At the port of debarkation,
How I'll beat it for an ice-cream soda fizz!

You may miss that noble institution, the American drug store, but you don't have to buy postage stamps, use the telephone or the directory, or ask where the Whoozis family lives. All you really miss is the soda fountain.

Most of the soda fountains are now being manned, as you might say, by women.

BLESS HIM!

A man we like
Is Serg. McFate;
He never shouts:
"Fall in, detail!"
—MEDICAL MIQUE.

A lad we love
Is Private Yost;
He sends in stuff
To The Listening Post.

There are—oh, yes, there are—unreasonable demands made in the Army sometimes. We wonder whether the man who wanted to know why the toothpicks weren't pointed on both ends has joined the Army yet.

You remember his sister—the one who bought a pound of animal crackers and asked the grocer to leave out the elephants, because they scared the baby.

When you haven't had a letter in more than three weeks—
And you look over the mail, expectantly and hopefully—
And, finally, a letter addressed to you comes along—
And you take it away in a corner—
And open it, alone and unobserved—
And it contains a package—
From your congressman, containing some seeds
Labeled *Penicillium Ruppelium*—
Ain't that a grand and glorious feeling?
Or ain't it?

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

*W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam, Germ., is doing his spring shelling these days.
*Cpl. ——— was seen ——— day on the streets of ———. He was looking unwell, his folks may be interested in learning.
*There is lots and lots of news these elegant days, as the censor will tell you.
*Quite a few was down to the depot last eve, watching the train come in.
*Ye verbe went to see a show last night, enjoying same, despite it being in a foreign tongue. Well, there was many an actress at home we couldn't understand, also.
*More anon.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THE EMBUSKED CIVILIAN AND HIS WILD LIFE IN GAY PAREE

Now, the embusked civilian has no troubles,
Not at all;
He is never called upon to fight the foe;
He can live in Paris gaily, eating ice-cream dinners daily.
He can put in blithesome evenings at a show,
True, while toying with dessert,
He may hear the wild alert
Shrieked by sirens, which they call the
Summer 2.
And while blindly groping home,
May receive upon his dome
From a Gotha overhead this blit'z danger:
CHORUS:
.....\$S-!.....

But, in the main, civilian life in Paris has its charm:
Now the chestnut-trees are budding in the squares;
You can stroll along the boulevards and seldom come to harm—
That is, if you will mind your own affairs.
True, while idle and distraught
The canon a long portee
From the woods of St. Gohain may launch a shell,
Which may very well decide
To remove you from your pride
To a duller world where blooms the
asphodel.

GRAND CHORUS

.....\$S-!.....
Zig-zag
.....\$S-!.....
.....\$S-!.....
Suggestion to Paris chauffeurs: Why not blow the horn once in a while?

These French billiards parlors are all right, but they make you long for a game of *quille est point*.

A FANCY

There was a man who fancied
That by driving good and fast
He'd get his car across the track
Before the train got past;
He'd miss the engine by an inch
And make the train hands sore.
There was a man who fancied this;
There isn't any more.
—Harvard Lampoon.

There was a Boche who fancied,
With many a German curse,
That he would run this planet
The whole darned universe.
He'd crush all those who said him nay
And dip them in their gore.
There was a Boche who fancied this:
There isn't any more.

They aren't allowed to send stuff to us any longer unless we ask specifically for it.
Well, all right: Ship over two pieces of old-fashioned strawberry short cake.
Yes, the other piece is for you. F. P. A.



"WHAT! YET ANOTHER?"

AN M.P. SPEAKS OUT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your paper of March 22, one of your main headlines reads: "Men in ranks to have opportunity for bars." Below you tell just how many men each of the various organizations can send except "trains and M.P.s." Not only do I know this from your paper, but I know it from the fact that we were not allowed to send any men to the last camp, as there was no provision made for us.

Your headline was very near correct, but not entirely, for there are a few men who have no chance for bars at present. If you can reach whoever overlooked us, we would greatly appreciate it, as we are real Americans with ambitions. You can understand the dissatisfaction in an American when he has absolutely no chance for promotion.

On page eight of the same paper, you have a poem "On Guard." Well, it's a good one, for we understand guard duty. Right now I am on a week's detail—six hours on and twelve hours off, and just because I'm an M.P. (it was wished on us, too, we did not enlist in it) I have no chance to get to the Army Candidates' school.

Please don't misunderstand this letter, as I'm not trying to criticize your paper or General Headquarters, for I believe it must surely have been an oversight on somebody's part.

Thanking you in advance for mentioning this in your editorial page or getting it straight some way or other, AN M.P.

"DOPE" WANTED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Being off in a corner of France and more or less cloaked by reason of our attachment to the B. E. F., we are a little out of touch with the latest "dope"; wherefore, this letter. Ours was the second unit to land in France, way back in last May, so, you see, we are "vets," yet we have no service stripes and other later units have. Is it because we aren't in the "Zone of Advance," and what is the Zone of Advance?

We've still got our American uniforms and are drawing American pay even if we do have to drink tea, so we think we're entitled to the above-mentioned sleeve ornaments, if for no other reason than that we are teaching the natives and the Tommies baseball.

Can you give us some dope and let us know what you think about it?

ONE OF THE BUCKH.

WRITE THE Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Noting that Somewhere in France there is a lot of baseball equipment, I rise to inquire how, when, and where our company might obtain a small bit of same? We need six or seven fielders' gloves, a dozen or so of baseballs, and five or six bats. Otherwise, we are equipped to conduct practice and turn out a good team.

Will you tell us where to apply for this equipment, or publish this brief appeal in the hope that someone will come to our rescue? Pvt. R. S. Jones, Engrs. Ry., A.P.O. 705.

(Write at once to Y.M.C.A. headquarters in Paris 12 Rue d'Assues.) They will send you the name of the athletic director for your divisional area, who has entire charge of equipment in your region.

HE LIKES THE ED PAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have just finished reading the editorial page of your edition of March 8, and am moved to make a few remarks.

I was in the newspaper business for a number of years and in several parts of the United States. But the last thought that ever entered my head was that I would have to come all the way over to France to find a sure-enough, honest-to-goodness editorial page. Unless this is just a flash in the pan, I can see a bright future for the sheet, for it is my experience that a successful editorial page means a successful paper.

To back up this statement, I could, without any great mental strain, name a dozen papers that were successful and famous, due entirely to their editorial pages.

WILL K. CHASE, Capt., Inf., N.G.

GERMANY

THE WHAT, THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS WAR

By FRANK BOHN

Question: What are we here for?
Answer: Because our country has declared war on Germany and Austria.

Try again.
Because the Germans are a beastly lot, and have just naturally got a damned good beating coming to them.

That answer will last you about three weeks in the trenches.
Because the Kaiser and the Junkers started the war, and we have got to get them and hang them for their crimes.

That's exactly like blaming a crowd of grafting politicians for bad government in your home town. Everything, even the Kaiser and the Junkers, is an effect of certain causes. Let us now look into these causes.

This war is not a war between "good people" and "bad people." This is the greatest and fiercest fight ever waged in the history of the world between two life principles—between two ways of living and of doing. These various ways of doing and thinking affect all our relations; with our women and children, our relations with our Government, and, above all, our attitude towards the peoples of other countries.

When I was in Germany the first year of the war, a very young and very intelligent actress said to me on one occasion:

"I love nobody else and nothing else in the world so much as I love the Kaiser. My one regret is that I am not a man and cannot fight for him. But if Germany is invaded, we women shall seize arms and die beneath his standard. We shall thank God, I have no other God but him, and no other religion but love of his person."

Kaiser or Lover?

"Do you mean to tell me," I inquired, "that you love the Kaiser more than you love the young officer at the front to whom you are going to be married?"

"Certainly I do," she said. "I love my officer and shall marry him the first time he comes back. We have chosen our apartment, our furniture and even the pictures we are to have in our home after the war. But as much as I love him, I wouldn't die for him. For the Kaiser I should die with joy in my heart and a smile on my lips."

To understand this war we must understand Germany. Then we shall understand what Germany began this war for, and just why she must be beaten flat. We shall then understand why the masses of the German people will come to thank us for the good drubbing they are now going to receive.

I think I can answer the questions proposed at the beginning, because both my parents were born in Germany, because I studied for years at a German college, and because I have carefully observed the life and development of Germany for the past 15 years. Since the war began, I have lived in Germany and talked much with all classes of her people.

Why Germany Has Not Kept Pace

The whole life of Germany, political, social, and intellectual, is soaked through and through with the principles and methods of medieval barbarism. Germany makes war in the same spirit in which all Europe made war five hundred years ago. When the Germans shot Edith Cavell in 1915, they thought and acted just as the English did when they burned Joan of Arc at the stake in 1415. When a German woman recently wandered over a battlefield sawing off the heads of the wounded with a hand-saw, she showed the same spirit as predominated in the Thirty Years' War, three hundred years ago.

The first question to be answered is: Why has Germany been left so far behind Western Europe and America?
This is the answer: England, France, America, and Italy have all been modernized and civilized by a process of democratic revolution. The supreme test of civilization is the practice of popular self-government through forms which yield order as well as democracy.

The English people became self-governing in the 17th century. The French people began to rule themselves during their great revolution in the 18th century. The King of England, since the end of the 17th century, has been a mere figure-head, without power to rule.

Every great conflict in American history has made us more democratic. Italy organized her national life on a democratic basis in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. In every one of our Allied nations, the supreme political power rests with the elected representatives of the people.

In Germany, not only government, but the whole social order, is totally different. The German Revolution of 1848, which had been successful, would have democratized and civilized Germany, was an utter failure. Following that great tragedy, two millions of German democrats emigrated to America, so the German nation lost the democratic people, who might have saved her from Bismarck and the modern Empire.

Germany is today an absolute monarchy. The Reichstag, or congress, of Germany, has no real power. The Kaiser rules Germany through the physical power of his army, and his right of personally appointing all the ministers of government. The first business of Germany is the business of war.

Neither the great rich nor the lowly poor have any respect for themselves. The only class which is respected are those who are born and bred as aristocrats and officers. These officers can and do amuse themselves by pushing working people, college professors, and even men of wealth and business importance, off the side-walk into the gutter.

An Officer's Privileges

It is not uncommon for the poorest German working girl to take her week's salary and give it to a soldier for the honor of walking down the street with him of a Sunday afternoon. When an officer enters a café in Berlin, and finds no vacant seat, any civilian, man or woman, is supposed to rise and courteously surrender his seat to the uniformed representative of his Imperial Majesty.

In Germany, every class below the Junkers may be properly described as cringing slaves who are permitted to exist in the land for the sole purpose of serving and honoring the aristocracy. All the schools and universities, nearly all the newspapers and books that are permitted to be published, all the clergymen of every church, without one known exception, advocate this slavery, this debauchery of the human mind and the human soul before the power that rules.

This war is a death grapple between this social system I have here described and the sort of life you know back home. Both can't go on in this modern world. Either the German people will learn to rule and respect themselves through the defeat of their Kaiser's army and the fall of their government, or that government will, through victory, set an example which will sometime be followed throughout the world.

Let us consider our own America. If we lose or compromise the issues of this war, we shall necessarily become one vast war machine, preparing night and day for the next war, which would come in ten or 20 years. In that case, we should lose our democracy at home in the very act of preparing to defend it against imperialism and militarism from without. Rather have our whole American people perish in the fight than lose in a cause so great as this. Remember, above all, that a patched-up "peace" which compromises the issues would not be a peace at all, but only an armed truce.

That is why we are in this fight to slay, whether it takes one year or three years or ten years.

READING IN THE TRENCHES

Up front one of the most crying, almost screaming, demands is for something to read in spare time. We know of an old copy of the *Bystander* which has been passed around by a whole battalion. Happily, it contains at least two first class quips. Here's one: "The German people are going to vary their diet by eating earth. This is good news, for, as everyone knows, you cannot have the earth and eat it."

Here's another: "What steps can we take to help Belgium?" asks the *Frankfurter Volksfreund*. If we know Sir Douglas Haig, the steps they will take will be jolly long ones toward the Rhine."